

When I Meet My Youth Again.
Some time—I know not how nor when—
This weary road I journey on
Will lead thro' lands that I have known,
And I shall meet my youth again—
Thro' some old wood my childhood knew
The road, at length, will bring to view
A cottage in a lowly glen.
Where I shall meet my youth again.

And yet the lad of whom I dream
May know me not, far I shall be
To him a deepening mystery
Of things that are and things that seem;
From these old scars of time and toil
His heart, alibit, may recall,
As children's often do from men,
When I shall meet my youth again.
But he shall know me at the last.
And creep into my arms, and weep,
As I shall lull his lids to sleep
With stories of the changes past;
And ere the morning breaks upon
Us twain, our souls shall be as one.
And time shall breathe a soft "amen,"
When I shall meet my youth again.
—Indianapolis Journal.

TAKING HIM DOWN.

"Now Miss—er—er—Miss"—"Fosdick." "Thanks, very much! Now, Miss Fosdick, in commencing your work as a stenographer for the firm of Poplin & Son, it is necessary for me to instruct you as to your duties. I have charge of the house's correspondence—entire charge. My name, Miss Fosdick, is Hippie."

"Yes, Mr. Hippie," the girl merrily replied.

"In the first place," Mr. Hippie went on, leaning back in his chair so as to expand his chest to its utmost capacity, and twisting the ends of his mustache with both hands as he spoke, "in the first place, I always insist on my stenographer's taking me down verbatim et literatim. I suppose you know what that means. It's Latin," he added condescendingly.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Miss Fosdick, I have had the house's correspondence in my hands for several years, and both Mr. Poplins have come to rely implicitly upon me. Indeed, I do not really see how this department could move along without me."

The girl's gray eyes looked at the indispensable clerk with an amused twinkle.

"I think I can say, Miss Fosdick," the young man proceeded, as he settled himself more comfortably in his chair, "and I think I can say it without the slightest egotism or desire to boast, that I have made the letters of Poplin & Son famous throughout the business world as models of English composition and ornate diction."

The clerk watched the countenance of his new assistant closely, to note the impression of his words.

Miss Fosdick nodded understandingly and smiled. It was a sweet smile, for she could not smile any other sort had she tried.

"Those are the reasons why I always insist on absolute accuracy on the part of my stenographer. I do not permit even the alteration of a single word, or any change whatever. I trust you apprehend me clearly."

"Quite so, Mr. Hippie."

"Then we will begin."

Miss Fosdick's first day's work was perfectly satisfactory to the hypercritical correspondence clerk. He found himself taken down with unvarying accuracy.

Everything went on with apparent smoothness for about a month. The members of the firm noted with approval the modest demeanor of their new typewriter, and the other male clerks in the establishment envied Hippie his pleasant duties.

One day the elder Mr. Poplin sent for Miss Fosdick to come into his private office.

"Sit down, please," he said, when she arrived. "I have here a letter from my friend, Mr. Shaw, of Shaw & King, who says that a communication from this firm contains much irrelevant matter."

Hippie looked over his glasses at Miss Fosdick, and found her blushing, with her eyes cast down. He naked, not unkindly:

"Did you write a letter to that firm lately?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you know its character?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you to say about it?"

"I wrote it down just as Mr. Hippie dictated it, sir."

"So I supposed, after reading it; but it is not rather unusual to insert in letters extraneous remarks made during dictation?"

"He has always insisted on being taken down verbatim et literatim, sir," the pretty typewriter went on, with some confusion; "and really, sir, Mr. Hippie has annoyed me so much with his attention, and has refused to do so, that I feel I must do something to crush him. I'm sorry I took the method I did—I oughtn't to—oh, dear, what shall I do?"

Miss Fosdick put her dainty cambric handkerchief to her eyes, and her speech dissolved in tears.

"There! there! my dear girl, don't cry," said Mr. Poplin, soothingly.

He took her hand to assist in the comforting operation, and placed her head on his fatherly shoulder. He was not too old to make mental note of how long her lashes lay on her rosy cheeks, and how dewdrop tears oozed through them.

"What am I doing?" Mabel exclaimed, as she bethought herself of the picture she and Mr. Poplin would present if any one should come into the office, and she promptly raised her head.

"You did just right," said Mr. Poplin, referring to her treatment of Mr. Hippie. "The presumptuous rascal! Never mind little girl—er—Miss Fosdick. I'll settle with Mr. Hippie myself. In the meantime, you may take a couple of days off. Go home right away, and I'll see that he annoys you no more."

After the fair typewriter had put on her wraps and gone home, Mr. Hippie was called into the private office, and Mr. Poplin asked him:

"Are you in the habit of reading and signing the firm's letters after the typewriter has taken them from your dictation and transcribed them, Mr. Hippie?"

"Well, sir, I used to, but I found Miss Fosdick so scrupulously exact that lately I have permitted her to sign and mail letters dictated to her, without my reading. She takes me down word for word, sir; so I feel that it isn't necessary for me to read them over."

"The reason why I asked you the question is this: I received a note from Mr. Shaw this morning—of Shaw & King, you know—in which he asks an explanation of a letter he had just received from this house. Perhaps you can give the needed explanation after I have read you the letter. This is it:

"Gentlemen—Your favor of Monday was received in due course. Got that down, sweetness? In reply, we would say—I'd like a sweet kiss from those ruby lips—say that the goods you mention—you, charming creature, why are you so cold to me?—mention, were shipped yesterday morning. Your bird-like voice thrills me through and through! Why do you never smile on your admirer? Hoping that they have arrived in good condition—Give me one kiss, Mabel darling, won't you?—and that they gave perfect satisfaction—Got that down, little beauty?—we beg to remain, yours very truly—One kiss now, I insist. What are you struggling for?—your obedient servants,

"POPLIN & SON."

Hippie turned alternately red and white while his employer read this letter in icy tones and said nothing when it was concluded. The occasion did not seem to be one for the display of ornate English composition.

After a painful pause, the senior member of the firm went on:

"Mr. Hippie, I think I'll attend to the correspondence of this firm hereafter myself, and what lovemaking, it is necessary to do to the typewriter I will also look after. The cashier will give you your salary to date. Good morning, sir."

"The idea!" exclaimed Mr. Poplin to his son, the junior member, half an hour later, when he had laid the whole matter before him. "The idea that a womanly and modest girl like Miss Fosdick should be so grossly mistreated in my establishment exasperates me. She's pretty and sweet and altogether admirable."

"I rather admire Hippie's taste," replied the son.

"Oh, you do!" exclaimed the father. "Then I suppose I have done wrong in discharging the scamp, even when he knew his attentions were distasteful to the girl?"

"No, father, you did quite right. Of course it would not do for that sort of thing to continue."

"Of course it wouldn't. It would be persecution of a sweet girl as I know."

"Why, you are not in love with her yourself, are you, father?"

"I? A widower of fifteen years' standing? The idea! Can't an elderly man defend a helpless young woman without such an imputation as that?"

"Oh, certainly."

Then the conversation dropped.

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Miss Fosdick returned to the store at the appointed time, and proceeded straight to the private office. The elder Mr. Poplin was alone.

"Good morning Mr. Poplin," said Miss Fosdick, with her sweetest smile.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" Mr. Poplin replied, raising his eyes above his newspaper; "sit down, Miss Fosdick, please. Before you take the lid off your typewriter, I have something—er—to say to you rather—er—important. I have been thinking of you almost constantly since you went away two days ago, and I wanted to—er—ask you—"

"One moment, please, Mr. Poplin," Miss Fosdick interrupted him to say, "you must pardon me, but I have not come back to work."

"Eh? What's that?"

"No, sir. Fact is, I—that is—your son, sir—has done me the honor to—propose, and—"

"The silly young rascal!" ejaculated Poplin, not giving her a chance to finish. "Well, I suppose I'll have to be a father to you, and I will say I am proud of my new daughter."

Then he thought:

"I wonder if she really suspected what I was going to say?"—The Housekeeper.

The Analysis of Tea.

Attempts have been made to determine which of the constituents of tea are responsible for the physiological effects, both bad and good, attributed to its use, but as yet they are far from complete. The general conclusions come to, however, may be summed up as follows:

Tannin is, of course, well known to be a strong astringent, and though used medicinally, can hardly be taken in any quantity habitually by most people.

If a few finely-powdered tea leaves are placed on a watchglass, covered with a paper cap, and the glass placed on a hot plate, a white vapor slowly rises and condenses in the cap in the form of colorless needle crystals. These crystals are the nitrogenous substance theine, the active principle of tea.

The oil, which is supposed to give tea its flavor, is of a lemon yellow color, and has a strong smell like that of the tea plant.

It is undoubtedly the oil which has the effect on the nerves, and gave such alarming results as those instanced by the writers of a hundred years ago, but which in smaller quantities helps to make tea so refreshing. According to some authorities theine has somewhat the same effect, but it seems to have other qualities as well, and to be more truly nutritious. Therefore, what we want in the tea we drink is as much theine as we can get, a little oil for the sake of the flavor, and as little tannin as possible.

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Now, the theine is dissolved out of the leaves much more quickly than the tannin, and thus we see the reason for the rapidly-increasing custom of using a perforated holder in the teapot in which to put the leaves, and removing this after a few minutes, or, better still, of pouring the infusion off the leaves into another pot. Either way the boiling water should not stand on the leaves for more than five minutes.—Good Words.

Judges of Terrapin.

"I doubt if there are a hundred first-class judges of terrapin in the United States," remarked a well-known dealer in game and fish last Saturday, as he called attention to a fresh lot of the aristocratic crustaceans. "I know this because the clubs, restaurants and hotels use vast quantities of Texas, Florida and other common terrapin and serve them as bona-fide diamond backs. The finest diamond-backs range in price from \$40 to \$100 a dozen, and one terrapin, when properly cooked, will make about three plates, so that the cost of a dish of stewed terrapin must necessarily range from \$1 to \$3.50, and whatever is charged above these figures represents the profit. Many a man who smacks his lips over the terrapin he gets in a restaurant doesn't know the difference between that and a mud turtle, which latter, I dare say, he often gets. Terrapin is one of the articles in our business which is an all-the-year-round luxury, and has no seasons."—Philadelphia Record.

Facial Index of Disease.

The upper third of the face is altered in expression, say physiognomists and doctors, in affections of the brain, the middle third in diseases of the chest, and the lower third in diseases of the organs contained in the abdominal cavity.—Atlanta Constitution.

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CONDENSED MILK.

It Went to the Front During the Civil War.

Simple and Cleanly Manner of Making the Product.

The Civil War brought condensed milk to the front and gave an impetus to canned foods which carried that particular industry forward for years.

Gail Borden, the inventor of condensed milk, as long ago as 1849, conceived the idea of preserving milk by taking from it a greater part of the water. Nine years later he began the manufacture of condensed milk, as he called it, in Connecticut, just three years before the Civil War in the United States broke out. The question of food for the Northern army caused the commissary department to look into the value of the evaporated milk, and before the war had been under way a year the little experimental plant in Walcottville, Conn., was running night and day, endeavoring to supply the demand. A few years later a second factory was built in Elgin, Ill., the center of the greatest dairy country in the United States, and today over 2,000 cows that graze in the beautiful valley of Fox river supply the Elgin factory with the sweet milk which is shipped out in tin cans to all parts of the world.

About the time the big whistle on the engine house of the watch works—the steam timekeeper of Elgin—wakes the working people for another day's labor, the farmers under contract to the condensed milk company turn their lively two-horse teams toward the brick factory with shining cans in the spring wagons filled with the sweetest and freshest of milk. The cans are covered with canvas and the lids are pushed in tight, for cleanliness is carried to the extreme in the manufacture of condensed milk. A 7 o'clock the roads leading to the factory are crowded with milk teams and the experts and inspectors of the company, are bustling from one door to another, tasting, smelling and testing the milk.

Each can is subjected to an eye and nose inspection, and if the expert has reason to believe that the milk is not up to the standard he removes a small sample and tests it with the proper instruments. The milk, after first being strained through fine brass strainer, is poured into one of several copper storage tanks, each holding 20,000 gallons. Before the cans are returned they are steamed and thoroughly washed and the farmers are required to wash the cans again when they reach home.

From the large storage tanks the milk is drawn to "wells"—open copper tanks, each having the capacity of 1,000 gallons. In the wells the milk is brought by steam heat to the boiling point, and is then drawn off and strained into the sugar mixer, where the proper proportion of granulated sugar is added. The sugar is the preservative which keeps the milk sweet, even though it is taken to the tropics.

After being sweetened the milk is lifted to the vacuum pans. They are similar to those used in making sugar of the juice of the sugar cane, and in them the milk is boiled down. It requires a temperature of but 140 degrees to evaporate the milk in the vacuum pan and the reduction is rapid. The condensed milk, a thick, pasty, cream-colored custard, is drawn from the vacuum pan and taken to the coolers, from which it is carried to the packing room and put into little tin cans in which the condensed milk is hermetically sealed.

The factory is one of the cleanest of shops. Every vessel occupied by the milk is scoured and scrubbed the instant the milk leaves it, and at first sight it seems as though the workers are employed solely to keep the place clean. All the metal work is polished, and the floors are as white as the floor of a Dutch kitchen.

A system of continuous inspection is kept up by the company, and this inspection extends to the pastures, spring water, dairy barns, cows and fodder of the farmers who supply the milk. The inspectors are riding over the country visiting the farms all the time. Each cow is examined, and if its health is not of the best the farmer is obliged by his contract to remove it from the herd and keep her milk in the cans which bring the milk to the factory. Only certain kinds of food for the cows are allowed, and the cows are required to keep their milk very clean.

The cans for the condensed milk are made in the factory, and a large number of girls are employed in filling them with the product—Chicago Register.

Peedee Bottom Rabbits.

The North American hare is not much given to the habit of climbing trees, although when "Brer Rabbit" is pushed he has been known to ascend the interior of a hollow stump some distance, by bracing his back against one side and pushing himself up by the strength of his hind legs. W. R. Powe of the Lumbermen's Exchange, now comes forward however, with a statement about the rabbits in the Peedee River bottoms of South Carolina, where he first saw the light, climbing trees because they don't know they can swim.

"The rabbit," said Mr. Powe, "is not as shrewd as he is represented in the folk lore of the south, else those I have seen in the Peedee bottoms are degenerate specimens of the race, for they don't know enough to go in out of the wet. During high water, instead of striking out for the hills as most wild creatures do, the rabbits congregate in great numbers on the pine-clad knolls in the bottoms. Thus they fall an easy prey to pot hunters, for, although an expert swimmer the rabbit will not take to water unless he has to. I don't believe he knows he can swim. I have often seen hundreds of cotton tails on a knoll. As the water advances and covers the knolls they spring into the lower boughs of the pine trees, and hang on until a hunter comes that way and captures them, or they get so weak from hunger they fall into the water. The rising water sometimes drives 'Brer rabbit' high up in the tree. When he falls or is knocked into the water, he proves that he can swim, and in most cases starts out for high ground and escapes. He has made the trip before, under less adverse circumstances, but as I said before, the Peedee bottoms rabbit doesn't seem to know that he knows how to swim."

The Sultan a Hard Worker.

A correspondent who has just returned from Constantinople writes that, according to current conversation in that city, the present Sultan of Turkey is one of the most hard-worked men in all the Ottoman dominions. Rising at 6 o'clock every morning, his days in the seclusion of the Yildiz Palace and gardens are devoted to personal attention to all the affairs of State laid before him by his Ministers. He has been the means of establishing 50,000 schools throughout his Empire, not only for boys, but for girls also, which is a strong departure from the traditional usage of the race and people. Once a week only does he present himself to the view of the people, to assure them of his continued existence and health. On one of these State visits to the mosque, two or three weeks ago, His Majesty was accompanied in his carriage by Ghazi Osman Pacha. The difference in appearance between them is remarkable. The Sultan is of slight figure. A plain brown overcoat conceals any decorations he might be wearing, leaving all the attention of spectators to be directed to his pale, wan and careworn face, half covered by a thin brown beard tinged with gray and surmounted by a plain red fez. Osman Pacha has a long silver-gray beard, a robust physique, manly bearing and clear, bright eye. He acknowledged any remark made to him by the Sultan with a military salute.—London News.

The Eggs a Grasshopper Lays.

How many eggs does a grasshopper lay? Mahomet, according to the Khalif Omar, said, when these insects fell upon him, that he could read upon their wings the words: "We are the legions of God and we bear ninety-nine eggs. When we produce a hundred we shall devour the world." In a paper read before the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Kunckel d'Herculai said that Mahomet was wrong in supposing that the locust laid exactly ninety-nine eggs at a time, although he was quite right in attributing to it extraordinary fecundity. M. Kunckel has been carefully watching some locusts for months, and he finds that one of these insects will lay as many as from 500 to 900 eggs during a season of from ten to eleven months. He points out that if the French government wish to get rid of the locust plague from which Algeria suffers it is particularly advisable to kill the insects just before the season when their eggs are laid.—London News.

Doesn't Want to Leave the Bees Without Work.

"I used to feel a little mean at robin' bee hives," said the tender hearted farmer, "but since I got to thinkin' it over I see that I am doing 'em good. If it wasn't for me takin' the honey all them bees would be out a' work all next summer.—Hudson (N. Y.) Register.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

COLLEGE GIRLS SET A FASHION.

The Lasell girls are setting a fashion for Boston. The entire front row of the balcony at the Melba concert was a charming sight, with the uncovered well-dressed heads, and a great comfort to those behind them. At the Sousa concert an entire block of the house was occupied by nearly a hundred of them, all with uncovered heads, a beautiful contrast to the rest of the house.—New York Journal.

THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

The German Empress is an energetic church worker and largely through her influence and in a measure by her assistance more than a dozen new protestant churches have been erected in Berlin in the last half dozen years. She is a member of no less than eleven different church societies and associations in the German capital to each of which she gives an annual subscription.—New York Advertiser.

PEARLS IN PARIS.

The leaders of fashion in Paris have declared that pearls shall be the most fashionable of all ornaments this winter, strings of fine pearl will be twisted in and out among the coils of the hair, a happy revival of the styles in vogue in the days of Louis Quinze, when the ladies of France wore their hair powdered and decked with pearls. The use of pearls will not be confined to the hair, however, for they will be worn in every kind of a necklace, from a single row to a wide collar made of rows of pearls caught together with a diamond clasp at intervals around the neck. A long, slender chain of pearls is another fancy, and this is worn twice around the throat, forming a kind of necklace. It falls in graceful loops to the waist, and is caught at one side of the corsage by a jeweled pin.—Detroit Free Press.

COLORS THAT BECOME.

That blondes should wear blue and brunettes yellow and red, is one of the commonplaces of the past that modern experience is proving a fallacy. As a rule, blue, especially at night, is not becoming to many blondes, the effect being too "fade" and insipid; whereas, on a black-haired beauty there is no color that is more becoming, the cerulean hue bringing out particularly well the mezzotints of a brunet's coloring. The effect may be understood by imagining an Italian type of beauty against a blue sky. Red and yellow, on the contrary, tend to make a dark person look swarthy. Delicate tints of pale pink and blue are, as a rule, much more refined looking and more suited to marked coloring. Pink is the color par excellence for blondes; then comes a certain shade of maize yellow or sunshine yellow; while red or cherry is really lovely at night with a golden head. Dead white, either to blondes or brunettes is apt to be trying, unless the wearers have a great deal of color, in which case it is extremely becoming to both; otherwise it is best to relieve it with colored flowers in the corsage.—New York Sun.

A WOMAN ENGINEER.

Mrs. Alfred Bishop Mason is probably the only woman in the States who can take out a locomotive engine. Certainly she is the only society woman to accomplish this feat.

When her husband was vice-president of one of the large Florida railroads, Mrs. Mason always went with him on his annual trip. She had been as a girl intensely interested in machinery, and it was with her an insatiable desire to take an engine over the road.

And she learned to do it in fine fashion. She began by gaining the permission of the engineer to sit in the cab with him; not doing anything but swinging on, and familiarizing herself with its swing and the work required for its movement.

She says this is one of her most thrilling moments. To be able to sit with her face toward the wind that almost engulfed her, peering out into the darkness that rushed passed, and being blinded by the glare of the great fire as the furnace doors swung open to be replenished.

Her next lesson was learned at the whistle. Then came the bell cord and soon these two functions were left entirely to her hands.

As a train drew up to a station in Florida, where Mrs. Mason was waiting, the engineer and fireman immediately made room for her. She knew everyone by name on the different locomotives and they all knew her. Proud was the engineer when his cab contained the bright wife of the vice-president.

Her seat on the bench near the window was known by the telegraph operator and station hand as the engine came up, and all had pleasant greetings for her.

So, in time, she mastered the more difficult tasks, those that required nerve and skill, and she could take an engine from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico as well as an old engineer; and these latter were very proud of her; one of the oldest men on the road remarked to her once: "Whenever your husband gets out of a job Mrs. Mason, just come down here and we'll put you up in the Union."—New York Advertiser.

ONE USE FOR BIG SLEEVES.

Both the girls were rosy from walking in the keen air when they got into the elevated railroad at Fourteenth street, and both were heavily laden with packages. It was a case of "big parcel, little parcel, hat box and bundle," and everytime either of them stirred some of the impediments fell to the car floor. Sometimes one of the girls was stooping down to pick up the big parcel or the little parcel, and sometimes they both were stooping down to gather up these and the hat box and bundle as well. Two brokers, who were sitting opposite began quietly making bets as to which package would slip off next, and what with their exercise in the open air, that in the car, and the knowledge that they were affording a good deal of dead-head amusement to the passengers, the girls got redder in the face every minute.

"I just think it's a shame," said one of them at last, "that woman don't have pockets to put things in," and she gave a little white box a vicious tap that jostled it up against an oblong brown arrangement and sent both of them tumbling to the floor.

When she came up gasping from the rescue of these, she jerked at her big sleeves like an angry little bird plucking at its feathers, stopped short in the process, treated her companion to a magnificent example of the baby stare, and said:

"Katie, I've got it." "Got what?" asked Katie. "Got an idea," said her companion. "Just watch me."

And with that she took up the little white box thrust it under her jacket near the shoulder, gave a quick wriggle, and presto! it dropped into the big puff of her sleeve. Then the oblong brown arrangement was similarly disposed of; and then a round, flat pink package; and then another, something and another something else, now tucking it into the right hand sleeve, and now into the left, until everything was disposed of. Then Miss Katie followed her friend's example until all of her parcels were tucked away, and when they got off the car at Park place, there wasn't a sign of "big parcel little parcel, hat box or bundle," but their sleeves stuck out like four captive balloons, and all the Brooklyn girls they met turned green with envy.—New York Sun.

FASHION NOTES.

Tiny black boucle stripes appear on colored woolen grounds.

Checked taffetas show cherry prominently for blouse waists.

Black moire ribbons have the mother-of-pearl or nacre figuring.

Continental or cocked hats again are appropriate for young ladies' wear.

Ostrich feather rosettes, bows, clusters are of various kinds and ruches.

Vandyke laces and jet passementerie appear alone and in combination.

Short fancy collarettes of ermine are pretty and dressy for evening wear.

Changeable pin stripes of black and a color in taffetas are used for odd waists.

A pretty school dress for a young girl has a golf plaid Paquin skirt, cerise being the predominating color in the plaid.

Green velvet waists, with skirts of violet cloth are among novel French caprices in winter gowns. A tiny roll of rich fur borders the skirt and an intermingled garniture of chiffon and lace decorates the waist.

The wide collar of Vandyke point is in general use; so much so that its downfall looms up in the near future; for when everybody takes to wearing a thing the leaders of fashion become weary of it and seek for something else.

Dainty waists are made with tucks run in crosswise. Some of these tucks have ribbons drawn through, and are shirred up full on them, the tucks standing upright and making little puffs. If the material is thin, the ribbon showing through gives a pretty effect.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

WEIGHT OF HORSES.

It is said that the Arabs have two methods of estimating what will be the height of horses. By the first a cord is stretched from the nostril over the ears and down along the neck; this distance is compared with that from the withers to the feet. The colt will grow as much taller as the first distance exceeds the second. By the other method the distance between the knee and the withers is compared with that from the knee to the coronet. If it had reached the proportion of two to one the horse will grow no taller.—New York World.

FERTILITY FOR APPLE ORCHARDS.

Mineral fertilizers are what orchards mostly need, especially on long-cultivated ground. But there are some varieties of apple that are such feeble growers that they are all the better for the stimulation of some nitrogenous fertilizer. The Spitzberg is one of these varieties. It is quite possible that stable manure fermenting in the soil may generate too much nitrogen in warm weather and not enough in early spring. It is this wide variation in amount of fertility at different times of year that has probably much to do with the increase of diseases in the foliage of fruit. When stable manure is applied to orchards it should be well composted. A very little will then be better than a larger amount of coarse stable manure. The finely-decomposed manure starts an early and healthy growth. By midsummer the tree has used up this fertility. Then comes the check to growth at the right time to form fruit buds for next season's bearing.—Boston Cultivator.

AGE OF SHEEP.

Sheep have two teeth in the centre of the jaw at one year old, and add two each year until five years old, when they have a "full mouth." After that time the age cannot be told by the teeth.

The natural age of sheep is about ten years, to which age they breed and thrive well, though there are instances of their breeding at the age of fifteen and of living twenty years. On the Western plains sheep do not last nearly so long, from the fact that their teeth soon wear out while constantly nibbling the gritty herbage of the sandy prairie on which they graze. Sheep under these conditions seldom last longer than six years and cease to be profitable after five years. When the teeth give out the sheep take on digestive ailments and soon become emaciated for want of nutrition which they cannot get.

PROFIT IN BUTTER.

With butter, as with fruit or meat, it is not the average quality that brings the highest price, but the superfine product, and here is where the true profit comes in. The actual cost of producing a pound of butter is precisely the same whether the result is axle grease or an article of the highest grade. The difference between them represents care and cleanliness. The more you give of these two the better the product.

The majority of butter-makers are willing to bestow a certain amount of each on their work, but they will not go beyond to "fuss" or be "finicky." It is too much trouble, they think; besides their butter is as good or perhaps better than their neighbors'. This is doubtless true, and this is why "average" butter is the result. But what we all do equally well has no particular value in every department of life, and butter-making is no exception. It is the doing things a little better than our neighbors that makes us sought after and puts our work at a premium. It is the little extra care and cleanliness in making the butter which raises it above the average, the additional five minutes which seem so trifling compared with the rest of the work, yet which bring about such different results.—New York World.

ARTIFICIAL WATERING.

The great loss and suffering entailed by the prolonged drought of the past season have caused the thoughts of farmers, fruit growers and market gardeners to turn toward irrigation as a means of becoming independent of the caprices of the weather, and insuring a crop at all times. This is well, but the other great advantages offered by irrigation are not properly comprehended.

Its effect upon the size of fruit was very plainly shown in a comparison recently made by running irrigated and non-irrigated peaches through a grader set to measure the both lots so as to make three grades no

according to size. The irrigated peaches came out about one-fifth first grade, three-fifths second and one-fifth third while the non-irrigated peaches came out about half and half seconds and thirds, with very few first grade. The variety, culture and general conditions were about the same.

In another experiment undertaken to determine the shrinkage of dried fruit, it has been found that irrigated fruit has less shrinkage, and is, therefore worth more in its green state than fruit grown without irrigation. The explanation is that the greater amount of water in the soil allows the roots to take up more mineral matter, and that the more vigorous growth of leaves on the irrigated plants enables the air to contribute a larger amount of saccharine matter.

FEEDING PIGS IN WINTER.

We are quite aware of the fact that in feeding fall and winter pigs it is much easier to throw a few shovelfuls of corn into their trough than to take the time and trouble to stir them up some mixed food or slop, which it is necessary they should have in order to take them through the winter, so that they may be in first-class shape in spring. Take what skim-milk you may have and placing it in a barrel, or some vessel suited for the mixing of food, put in it enough bran or ground feed to make the whole thing quite stiff. In this you have something which will take off the monotony of constantly eating corn, and should the skim-milk be short, water would do almost as well. It is necessary to feed all that has been mixed at one time, for if it is not fed right away it will become sour and consequently give the pigs the scouring. If you should add any vegetables to the slop they ought to be cooked before doing so, as young pigs will eat a great deal more of any vegetable if cooked, and relish them more than if they are given raw. In regard to the barrel used for this purpose, it might be well to say that it should be kept scrupulously clean, giving it a good scouring out at least once a week with boiling hot water.—New York Witness.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Fruit should be kept in a cool place. Bran and oats are the best feed for growing colts.

Feed your live stock regularly and liberally. It pays.

There is danger of a founder in feeding corn to heated

Arlington Advocate

OFFICE

246 Massachusetts Avenue.

Published every Friday forenoon by

C. S. PARKER & SON,
Editors and Proprietors.

Subscription—\$2. Single copies 5 cts.

Arlington, Jan. 4, 1895.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Reading Notices, per line, 25 cents
Special Notices, " 15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.

General Court Meets.

This week has seen the assembling of the Great and General Court for 1895, which meets now under the title of Legislature, and the State government chosen last November has been inaugurated. As the officers are the same as last year and the organization of the Legislature has been effected by the election of those who served in official capacities last year, the ceremony was lacking in several of the elements which have drawn crowds to the State House on other occasions, but there was no lack of spectators and in several respects the exercises were of special moment.

Beautiful rooms in the new extension to the State House await the occupancy of the assembled wisdom of the State and it was fitting therefore that the addresses should in some measure refer to the history of the past one hundred years nearly since the old building on State street was abandoned for the new building on Beacon Hill. Representative Roe gave a most interesting sketch of this long period, which the members ordered printed for general circulation.

On Monday evening word came to the police station to look out for and arrest a colored man on an approaching train who had robbed the weighing machine at Lexington centre station. Sergt. G. Barry boarded the train on its arrival at Arlington station and there found a man answering the description given and who said his name was John Hart. On being searched at the station house the money bag cut out of the weighing machine was found upon him and he was turned over to the Lexington officer. Later he was held for trial in the Superior Court. Enquiries regarding the prisoner resulted in identifying him as the man who a few months ago, with a companion who afterwards escaped, robbed every weighing machine on the B. & M. road from Boston to Manchester, N. H., where he was captured and sent to the House of Correction for sixty days. He was discharged from the N. H. prison Monday morning, and before six o'clock was again in the clutches of the law for the same sort of crime for which he had just paid the penalty.

Hon. Geo. M. Stearns, "of Chicopee," as he continued to be spoken of although no longer resident in that city, died at his home in Brookline, last Sunday night. Though in poor health of late, Mr. Stearns was not seriously ill, but was attacked with hemorrhages after retiring and sank quickly away after the third attack. Mr. Stearns was a leading force in the Democratic party and no one of the many public speakers was so sure of a cordial reception and delighted auditors as was he, for his wit was keen, his illustrations striking and his argument lucid whenever he spoke.

The "income tax" feature of the new tariff bill went into effect on Jan. 1. All incomes exceeding \$3,500 will pay a tax on such excess when it is discovered by the collectors, though the law says that those enjoying these incomes shall themselves make returns to the collectors. It will be interesting to note how generally this feature is complied with.

The new year dawned pleasantly but cold and with the customary friendly greetings of each other, but there was no interruption to business as annually occurs in New York and many other places where the advent of the new year is a general holiday. It is a custom which has many worthy features.

On Jan. 1, Hon. Levi P. Morton, whose last previous public office was that of Vice President of the U. S., was inaugurated as Governor of the state of New York. This event had special interest from the fact that Mr. Morton is the first Republican Governor in that state since 1879.

We remind our readers that with this issue we begin a new volume of our paper as well as enter upon the new year and that we shall be particularly well pleased with prompt renewals of subscriptions, the large majority of which are now due.

This week the Peirce & Wm. Co. has piled up in their immense store house on Mystic street, Arlington, three hundred barrels of that famous "Pillsbury" flour for which they are general agents.

The Lexow Committee in N. Y. closed its labors on Saturday with a dramatic examination of Supt. Byrnes. The findings of the committee will be awaited with deep interest.

The famous Delavan house at Albany, N. Y., was destroyed by fire, last Sunday night, the conflagration causing the loss of the lives of some guests and several servants.

Congressman Breckinridge's lecture tour has proved a financial failure. This is a cause for sincere congratulation.

Mr. J. A. Scriven, a prominent manufacturer of 18 East 15th St., New York City, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy from Druggist H. H. Lane, Peckskill, N. Y. Such good results followed its use that he sent back to Mr. Lane for two bottles more of the same remedy. Those who give this medicine a trial are seldom satisfied with any other when again in need of such a preparation. It is unequalled for coughs and colds. For sale by A. A. Tilden, Arlington and H. A. Perham, Lexington.

Marriages.

In Arlington, Dec. 31, by Rev. P. A. Billings, Francis P. Gaffney, of Boston, and Miss Mary E. Welch, of Arlington.

Deaths.

In Arlington, Dec. 30, John E., son of Herman P. and Mary A. McManus, aged 2 years, 1 month, 11 days.

In East Lexington, Dec. 13, Sidney Butterfield, aged 66 years, 4 months, 17 days.

In East Lexington, Dec. 26, Benjamin Brown, aged 81 years, 4 months, 3 days.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

First National Bank of Arlington.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of this bank, for the election of directors and any other business that may legally come before them, will be held at the banking rooms, on TUESDAY, Jan. 8, 1895, at 4 p.m.

W. D. HIGGINS, Cashier.

A TROWBRIDGE EVENING

AT THE

NEW G. A. R. HALL,

ON

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 16, 1895,

AT 8, P. M.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE

reading from his own works;

Music by the Misses Trowbridge

ALL KINDLY VOLUNTEERED,

in aid of the building fund.

This will be an evening of rare pleasure in aid of a worthy cause.

TICKETS, 35c.

Facial Blemishes.

Warts, Moles, Superfluous Hair, red face, eczema, pimples, powder marks, dandruff, scars, pustules, oily skin, red veins, blackheads, freckles, acne, tattoo marks, or any mark, blemish or disease in or under the skin treated at

UNDEROWN DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 8 TEMPLE PLACE, SUITE 67, BOSTON, Consultation Free.

4 Janw

LOST,

on or near Pleasant street, black French Seal Muff. Finder please leave at police station. It

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF

The First National Bank

OF ARLINGTON,

at Arlington, in the State of Massachusetts, at the close of business, Dec. 19, 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts, \$1,10,510.18
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation, 12,500.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds, 1,000.00
Stocks, securities, etc., 23,654.74
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures, 300.00
Due from approved reserve agents, 22,785.13
Interest accrued, 192.93
Notes of other National Banks, 192.93
Franklin paper currency, nickels and cents, 60.57
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz:

4,472.77
Legal-tender notes, 5,178.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation), 562.90
Total, \$201,386.82

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in, \$50,000.00
Surplus fund, 1,250.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid, 8,286.89
National Bank notes outstanding, 10,610.00
Due to State Banks and bankers, 10.00
Individual deposits subject to check, 130,663.47
Demand certificates of deposit, 25.00
Contingent fund, 500.00
Liabilities other than those above stated, 38.46
Total, \$201,386.82

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS,
COUNTY OF MIDDLEBURY, ss.

I, W. D. HIGGINS, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. D. HIGGINS, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 24th day of Dec. 1894.

Signed: Frank Y. Wellington, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest
Signed.

E. NELSON BLAKE,
A. D. HOITT,
THEODORE SCHWAMB,
Directors.

TO LET.

Tenement of six rooms at No. 22 Swan's place. For particulars, apply to Harrison Son, 121 Faneuil Hall Market, Boston. 14 nov 1894

Signed: Frank Y. Wellington, Notary Public.

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Cry of the Unsuccessful.

Have you thought in your moments of triumph.
Oh, you that are high in the tree,
Of the days and the nights that are bitter—
So bitter to others and me?
When the efforts to do what is clever
Result in a failure so sad.
And the clouds of despondency gather
And dim all the hopes that we had?

Have you thought when the world was applauding
Your greatness, whatever it be,
Of the tears that in silence were falling
Yes, falling from others and me?
When the hardest and latest endeavors
Appeared to be only in vain.

And we've curtailed our eyes in the night time,
Indifferent to waking again?

For it wants but a little reflection,
And you'll be the first to agree
That the favors in which you are basking
Are darkness to others and me.

And it's hard when you lie in the sunshine
Of fortune so smiling indeed.

If you have not a thought for the many
Who'll never, can never succeed.

—Pall Mall Budget.

THE FAMILY TREE.

By C. J.

Captain Craik was the proudest man in America. He had served creditably in the war of 1812, as his father had in the Revolution, and his grandfather in the "Old French War"—all captains who had never received a scratch, or once encountered the vulgar smell of gunpowder.

That none of his name had ever risen above the rank of captain, was a circumstance he not a little plumed himself upon. Generals and commanders-in-chief, he was accustomed to say, were, for the most part, parvenues, promoted through luck, or for accidental reasons. But a captaincy running in a family for three generations, was quite another affair.

Family pride was the captain's specialty. How far back he could trace his kindred, nobody exactly knew; but it was popularly believed he could, if so minded, produce satisfactory proof that the Craiks had cruised through the Flood in their own private yacht.

The captain hated the new and worshipped the old. When he went about it was in an ancient family gig, drawn by an old horse of approved extraction, now a mere pedigree in harness, but in whose spavins and wind-galls the captain took almost as much pride as he did in the family gout.

Captain Craik was rich, moreover. Time and the natural rise of property had made him so. He would have scorned the acquisition of wealth by any less respectable mode. Trade he looked upon as plebeian and vulgar. Speculation was upstartish, and as for Petronem—faugh!

His daughter, and only child, he had left to die unforgiven, and almost in want, for having married a man without a grandfather. The poor girl had besought his forgiveness while her husband lived, but ceased to do so after his death; seeming to look on such an act as a sort of treason to his memory. Her infant son, however, soon left motherless as well as fatherless, was taken into favor at last, for the sake of the blood that was in him; and thus it came that Willard Spence was brought up in his grandfather's house, in a way befitting the heir apparent to the handsomest fortune within fifty miles.

Captain Craik would have greatly preferred that his grandson, after finishing at college, should have sat down in gentlemanly idleness, and quietly waited his turn at the family succession. But Willard Spence had other views. He was far from sharing his grandfather's notions on the value of ancestry, and though too discreet to openly laugh at them, he felt that he was more than likely to run counter to them some day, as his poor mother had done, when his own time to marry came. It was for this reason partly, and partly because he had an ambition to be something in his own right, that Willard prevailed upon his grandfather to enter him as a student in the office of Mr. Stiles, the leading lawyer of the county.

It was with some reluctance that the old gentleman yielded. He entertained a not very exalted opinion of the bar. But then it was a stepping-stone to the bench; and though the family could boast of three successive captains, there had never been a chief-justice in it. It was this consideration that determined the captain.

If John Stiles was the dryest of lawyers, his daughter Mary was the prettiest and most fascinating of girls; and Willard Spence was not the man to be slow in finding it out. It would be the old story over, to recount the steps of their falling in love, and how deeply they fell in.

Willard ventured to hint to his grandfather one day—not at the state of his feelings—but what a nice, intelligent young lady Miss Stiles was. The old gentleman caught like gunpowder. He had no excuse for putting a summary end to his grandson's legal studies, and packing him off on a foreign tour, for the young man had said nothing to justify a suspicion of his being in love. But the captain scented danger afar, and proceeded to read such a homily on the sin of marrying into families without lineage, and put on such a disinheriting look, that Willard was fain to drop the subject.

If the reader has ever read Blackstone he will remember, and if he hasn't we will tell him, that in the Second Book there is a folding leaf, called a "Table of Descents," wherein the author illustrates the mode of computing kindred by a tabular view of the ancestors and collateral relatives, for ten or a dozen generations, of a certain John Stiles. The names are inclosed in little circles, with lines uniting those supposed to have intermarried, whose names are further united, by other lines, to those of their offspring.

"I have it!" was Willard Spence's exclamation, as his eye fell on this leaf lying loose in the volume he was reading one day.

That evening it was accidentally dropped in his grandfather's way.

"What's this?" asked the old gentleman, picking it up, and putting on his specs.

"A paper I found in one of Mr. Stiles' books," was the innocent reply.

"Humph!—a copy of Stiles' family tree; and stop—let me see—running back, as I live, through more generations than I supposed any man in the state could count but myself! Who'd have thought that dried up old lawyer had so much blood in him?"

"Not I, certainly," acquiesced Willard.

"And see—here's the name of Baker. By Jove, I shouldn't wonder if we found ourselves related yet!"

"Nor I either," said Willard dryly.

"Miss Stiles—is she very handsome?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Passably," answered the young hypocrite.

Next day Willard was sitting in Mr. Stiles' office, fumbling over a law book and thinking of Mary, when his grandfather's gig drove up. Willard wished in his heart it had broken down by the way. The thing he most dreaded was the two old gentlemen getting together and coming to explanations at present.

"Is Mr. Stiles in?" inquired the captain.

"Yes, sir," answered the office boy, ushering the visitor into the back office.

"Good morning, Mr. Stiles," said the captain blandly.

"Good morning, captain," returned the lawyer, a little stiffly. "Pray be seated."

The captain excused the stiffness; a man with a dozen generations at his back had a right to be stiff.

"I come to speak with you on a matter of importance," said the captain, taking the proffered seat.

The lawyer's face brightened at the prospect of securing a valuable client.

"My maternal great-grandmother, the captain proceeded, "was a Baker, and your grandfather—"

"Was a shoemaker," the other was on the point of interrupting, for he knew the captain's hobby, and had little patience with it.

But before the word was spoken, which would doubtless have led to the explanation Willard so much feared, a cry of alarm broke off the conversation. The two gentlemen reached the front door in time to see the captain's horse and gig dashing down the street at a pace that astonished all beholders. For the first time in twenty years, Old Boan's blood was up, and as he tore along, in a gait compounded of parts of canter and strighthalt, it was hard to tell which rattled most, the dry bones of the horse, or the rickety old gig. The question of which would go to pieces first, was speedily settled by one of the hubs striking a post, which, in an instant, reduced the vehicle to its original elements and brought Old Boan up standing, his composure completely restored, the crackers having ceased to pop.

"Who on earth did it?" roared the captain.

Willard didn't know, unless it was a sandy-haired boy he had just seen dodge round the corner, with a face too dirty to be recognized.

What with the excitement, and the gathering up of the fragments, and the arrangements necessary to get the captain and Old Boan home, the object of the former's visit was, for the time, forgotten. Before he found an opportunity to renew it, a severe attack of gout laid him up for a season.

Not Visible.

Casey—I bought these four-dollar trousers in a fit of economy.

Seward (surveying the trousers)—I don't see the fit.

Have you thought in your moments of triumph.

Of the days and the nights that are bitter—

So bitter to others and me?

When the efforts to do what is clever

Result in a failure so sad.

And the clouds of despondency gather

And dim all the hopes that we had?

Have you thought when the world was applauding

Your greatness, whatever it be,

Of the tears that in silence were falling

Yes, falling from others and me?

When the hardest and latest endeavors

Appeared to be only in vain.

And we've curtailed our eyes in the night time,

Indifferent to waking again?

For it wants but a little reflection,

And you'll be the first to agree

That the favors in which you are basking

Are darkness to others and me.

And it's hard when you lie in the sunshine

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His daughter, and only child, he had left to die unforgiven, and almost in want, for having married a man without a grandfather. The poor girl had besought his forgiveness while her husband lived, but ceased to do so after his death; seeming to look on such an act as a sort of treason to his memory. Her infant son, however, soon left motherless as well as fatherless, was taken into favor at last, for the sake of the blood that was in him; and thus it came that Willard Spence was brought up in his grandfather's house, in a way befitting the heir apparent to the handsomest fortune within fifty miles.

Captain Craik would have greatly preferred that his grandson, after finishing at college, should have sat down in gentlemanly idleness, and quietly waited his turn at the family succession. But Willard Spence had other views. He was far from sharing his grandfather's notions on the value of ancestry, and though too discreet to openly laugh at them, he felt that he was more than likely to run counter to them some day, as his poor mother had done, when his own time to marry came. It was for this reason partly, and partly because he had an ambition to be something in his own right, that Willard prevailed upon his grandfather to enter him as a student in the office of Mr. Stiles, the leading lawyer of the county.

It was with some reluctance that the old gentleman yielded. He entertained a not very exalted opinion of the bar. But then it was a stepping-stone to the bench; and though the family could boast of three successive captains, there had never been a chief-justice in it. It was this consideration that determined the captain.

If John Stiles was the dryest of lawyers, his daughter Mary was the prettiest and most fascinating of girls; and Willard Spence was not the man to be slow in finding it out. It would be the old story over, to recount the steps of their falling in love, and how deeply they fell in.

Willard ventured to hint to his grandfather one day—not at the state of his feelings—but what a nice, intelligent young lady Miss Stiles was. The old gentleman caught like gunpowder. He had no excuse for putting a summary end to his grandson's legal studies, and packing him off on a foreign tour, for the young man had said nothing to justify a suspicion of his being in love. But the captain scented danger afar, and proceeded to read such a homily on the sin of marrying into families without lineage, and put on such a disinheriting look, that Willard was fain to drop the subject.

If the reader has ever read Blackstone he will remember, and if he hasn't we will tell him, that in the Second Book there is a folding leaf, called a "Table of Descents," wherein the author illustrates the mode of computing kindred by a tabular view of the ancestors and collateral relatives, for ten or a dozen generations, of a certain John Stiles. The names are inclosed in little circles, with lines uniting those supposed to have intermarried, whose names are further united, by other lines, to those of their offspring.

"I have it!" was Willard Spence's exclamation, as his eye fell on this leaf lying loose in the volume he was reading one day.

That evening it was accidentally dropped in his grandfather's way.

"What's this?" asked the old gentleman, picking it up, and putting on his specs.

"A paper I found in one of Mr. Stiles' books," was the innocent reply.

"Humph!—a copy of Stiles' family tree; and stop—let me see—running back, as I live, through more generations than I supposed any man in the state could count but myself! Who'd have thought that dried up old lawyer had so much blood in him?"

"Not I, certainly," acquiesced Willard.

"And see—here's the name of Baker. By Jove, I shouldn't wonder if we found ourselves related yet!"

"Nor I either," said Willard dryly.

"Miss Stiles—is she very handsome?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Passably," answered the young hypocrite.

Next day Willard was sitting in Mr. Stiles' office, fumbling over a law book and thinking of Mary, when his grandfather's gig drove up. Willard wished in his heart it had broken down by the way. The thing he most dreaded was the two old gentlemen getting together and coming to explanations at present.

"Is Mr. Stiles in?" inquired the captain.

"Yes, sir," answered the office boy, ushering the visitor into the back office.

"Good morning, Mr. Stiles," said the captain blandly.

"Good morning, captain," returned the lawyer, a little stiffly. "Pray be seated."

The captain excused the stiffness; a man with a dozen generations at his back had a right to be stiff.

"I come to speak with you on a matter of importance," said the captain, taking the proffered seat.

The lawyer's face brightened at the prospect of securing a valuable client.

"My maternal great-grandmother, the captain proceeded, "was a Baker, and your grandfather—"

"Was a shoemaker," the other was on the point of interrupting, for he knew the captain's hobby, and had little patience with it.

But before the word was spoken, which would doubtless have led to the explanation Willard so much feared, a cry of alarm broke off the conversation. The two gentlemen reached the front door in time to see the captain's horse and gig dashing down the street at a pace that astonished all beholders. For the first time in twenty years, Old Boan's blood was up, and as he tore along, in a gait compounded of parts of canter and strighthalt, it was hard to tell which rattled most, the dry bones of the horse, or the rickety old gig. The question of which would go to pieces first, was speedily settled by one of the hubs striking a post, which, in an instant, reduced the vehicle to its original elements and brought Old Boan up standing, his composure completely restored, the crackers having ceased to pop.

"Who on earth did it?" roared the captain.

Willard didn't know, unless it was a sandy-haired boy he had just seen dodge round the corner, with a face too dirty to be recognized.

What with the excitement, and the gathering up of the fragments, and the arrangements necessary to get the captain and Old Boan home, the object of the former's visit was, for the time, forgotten. Before he found an opportunity to renew it, a severe attack of gout laid him up for a season.

Not Visible.

Casey—I bought these four-dollar trousers in a fit of economy.

Seward (surveying the trousers)—I don't see the fit.

Have you thought in your moments of triumph.

Of the days and the nights that are bitter—

So bitter to others and me?

When the efforts to do what is clever

Result

MY BLOOD

Became overheated, causing pimples all over me, developing into large and Dreadful



Mrs. Caroline H. Fuller

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Running Sores. The worst on my ankle. I could not step. Soon after I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and two bottles entirely cured me and gave me renewed strength and health. Mrs. C. H. FULLER, Londonderry, Vermont. Remember

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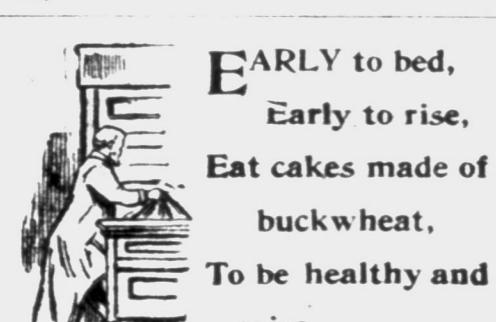
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Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sticking pain in the head, vertigo, dizziness, fainting sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots, ripples before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, lungs, and sudden flushed heat, burning in the head.

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To be healthy and
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Always

Light

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She is rather good looking
But lacks sense!
She deserves

A • Ripans • Tabule

On her tongue
Instead of
Swallowing it whole.
It does its work
Either way,
But the last is the way intended,
Nevertheless.

LINENE

English, Angora, Rubens, French
Collar and Cuff worn by men of fine
both sides, finest silk, and being
one collar is equal to two of any other kind.

They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of
Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-five
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POSITIVELY HOLDS RUPTURE

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an Adjustable Pad which

can be made larger or

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Illus. Cat. sent on request.

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PATENTED. Sealed by G. V. House Mfg. Co., 744 Broadway, N. Y. City

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